

HOLLY SPRINGS, MI., FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1839.

NO. 1.

TERMS.

"THE SOUTHERN BANNER" is published weekly at Four Dollars in advance, or Six Dollars at the end of the year. No subscription received for less than six months, nor will the paper be sent until all arrears are paid.

Advertisements will be inserted at one dollar per line for the first time, and at half price for each continuation. Advertisements addressed to the editor of publisher must be post paid in order to secure insertion.

Advertisements will be required for all Job Work done at this office as soon as delivered.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN INCIDENT.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF ONEIDA COUNTY.

Years since, the settlement of Oneida, in the town of Westmoreland, (a significant name,) was the "far west." Almost to the foot of the Mountains! Wonderful people these—these Americans! What in the world took almost as many centuries, has been accomplished in this brief space of

every thing that tends to preserve from any traits of the savage character in the noble Oneidas, then the "hair bread escape" of our first settlers, will be read with interest by the rising generations, the writer attempted to preserve one of these incidents in which those times were re-

Truth is strange—stranger than fiction. The acts set forth in the following may be vouched for, by a few living witnesses.

How JAMES DEAN was the pioneer settler of Oneida county; he was the Yankee who had the hardihood to come a settlement west of the German Flats, the Mohawk. While but a lad of nine he was sent by his father to reside in the Oneida Indians, then living on the Susquehanna. He soon learned their language, and became a favorite of the Indians. He was adopted as a son in the place of one who had lost his life, and to this woman he ever after the endearing appellation of mother—

As a last resort, the judge appealed to Powlis, on account of the friendship that had long existed between them, that they had warmed at the same fire, and eat of the same venison, and would he now raise his hand to take his life? Powlis here interrupted him, and said that when he thought of his friendship, his heart was soft, it was like a child's. But shall it be ever said of Powlis, that he will not do his duty to his tribe, because it is his friend that stands in the way. No brave will enter the door of Powlis, if he does not his duty, but will point to his dwelling and say, that is the wigwam of a woman, and as he spoke, his small black basile eyes began to light up with excitement; already had the tomahawk begun to raise for the performance of its work, already had the judge begun to reckon his course on earth as run, and his mind bade farewell to all he held dear on earth, when the quick and almost noiseless tread of the moccasins caught his ear, the door opened, and in rushed the adopted mother, with a friend, and stood between him and Powlis—after observing the judge for a moment, she commenced—my son, I am in time, I am not too late, the tomahawk is not yet red with blood. She then turned to Powlis, and after eyeing him closely, if possible to scan his feeling, she again commenced, and said that soon after he and his assistants had left the Oneida, she got information of the doings of the council, and their departure to execute its decrees, that she immediately summoned her friend and followed with the swiftness of the deer, that she had come to claim her son, that she had adopted him to fill the place of her young brave, who died in battle, that his adoption had been sanctioned by the council, that the law would not take her son from her for the crime of a white. She was calm, she quailed not at the fierce look of Powlis, when he told her he was away, he gone, that she was a squaw, that the decisions of the council should not be defeated by a woman, that she had better be at home pounding corn, and waiting upon her husband, and again began to brandish the tomahawk as if impatient of this new delay in the sacrifice of their victims. The mother and her friend, now each produced a knife, bared their bosoms, when the mother said, if you are determined to take his life, you can only do it by passing over our bodies; if the floor is to be stained with his blood, it shall be mingled with ours; his blood shall not run alone. When Powlis saw the determined and courageous bearing of the woman, he beckoned his companions one side, and the result was, to defer proceedings for that night, and refer the matter again to the tribe in council, when the mother should have an opportunity to be heard, and as the subject was never again heard from, it was presumed the mother's entreaties prevailed. While the name of Pocahontas has been handed down to posterity, and is familiar to every school boy, for her noble daring in preserving the life of Capt. Smith, the name of this heroic mother, who saved a life equally valuable and dear, has been lost, irretrievably lost. The part which

circumstances which I have detailed, and he, without mentioning to his wife, or any friend, proceeded to settle and arrange his business under a strong conviction that at best that the tenor of his life was very precarious. Fleeing from the executioner of the law is an act of meanness and cowardice of which in the opinion of the savage, none but the pale face of woman would ever be guilty.

Judge Dean was therefore determined to convince them he could meet death like a Christian, which religion they knew he professed. But a few days intervened, when after he had retired to rest with his wife and two infant children, he was started from his slumber by the well known death whoop near his dwelling. He then briefly stated to his young and dearly beloved wife, exhorting her to fortitude, in the trying scene he was confident would soon commence.

The space was brief ere his accustomed ear caught the soft and stealthy step of the Indian at the door; the door opened and Powlis, with his tomahawk as his badge of office, entered, followed by some three assistants. The Judge met them on the threshold, and without betraying by the relaxation of a single muscle, invited them into another room. He then commenced in the Indian tongue, and told them he had been informed and well knew their errand. He told them it was wrong to put him to death for the crime of another, of a person he did not know, and over whom he had no control; that it would displease the Great Spirit for them to visit on the innocent the punishment due the guilty, that he had ever been the friend of the red man. He then made a pause—Powlis and his assistants went apart and held a consultation. Powlis then informed him as the result of their deliberations, that he must die, that his face was pale, that the murder was committed by a pale face, they belonged to one nation of course, and came within their law. Judge Dean told them their words were all wrong, that the murderer was a Dutchman, and did not speak the same language he did, that he could not understand their talk on the Mohawk, that he might as well be called a Seneca or a Tuscarora, because his face was red, that they must not make him responsible for the doings of all bad white men. Furthermore, he told him he belonged to the Oneida tribe, that his adoption had been sanctioned at the council of their chiefs and braves and of course he could not be responsible, nor come within the rule. Another consultation was then held by the Indians, when Powlis informed the Judge his arguments had all been thought of, and considered by their council, that his words were like the bark on a beech tree, very smooth, yet they did not heal their wounded nation, the blood stain was on their tribe, and it must be washed away; die he must.

As a last resort, the judge appealed to Powlis, on account of the friendship that had long existed between them, that they had warmed at the same fire, and eat of the same venison, and would he now raise his hand to take his life? Powlis here interrupted him, and said that when he thought of his friendship, his heart was soft, it was like a child's. But shall it be ever said of Powlis, that he will not do his duty to his tribe, because it is his friend that stands in the way. No brave will enter the door of Powlis, if he does not his duty, but will point to his dwelling and say, that is the wigwam of a woman, and as he spoke, his small black basile eyes began to light up with excitement; already had the tomahawk begun to raise for the performance of its work, already had the judge begun to reckon his course on earth as run, and his mind bade farewell to all he held dear on earth, when the quick and almost noiseless tread of the moccasins caught his ear, the door opened, and in rushed the adopted mother, with a friend, and stood between him and Powlis—after observing the judge for a moment, she commenced—my son, I am in time, I am not too late, the tomahawk is not yet red with blood. She then turned to Powlis, and after eyeing him closely, if possible to scan his feeling, she again commenced, and said that soon after he and his assistants had left the Oneida, she got information of the doings of the council, and their departure to execute its decrees, that she immediately summoned her friend and followed with the swiftness of the deer, that she had come to claim her son, that she had adopted him to fill the place of her young brave, who died in battle, that his adoption had been sanctioned by the council, that the law would not take her son from her for the crime of a white. She was calm, she quailed not at the fierce look of Powlis, when he told her he was away, he gone, that she was a squaw, that the decisions of the council should not be defeated by a woman, that she had better be at home pounding corn, and waiting upon her husband, and again began to brandish the tomahawk as if impatient of this new delay in the sacrifice of their victims. The mother and her friend, now each produced a knife, bared their bosoms, when the mother said, if you are determined to take his life, you can only do it by passing over our bodies; if the floor is to be stained with his blood, it shall be mingled with ours; his blood shall not run alone. When Powlis saw the determined and courageous bearing of the woman, he beckoned his companions one side, and the result was, to defer proceedings for that night, and refer the matter again to the tribe in council, when the mother should have an opportunity to be heard, and as the subject was never again heard from, it was presumed the mother's entreaties prevailed. While the name of Pocahontas has been handed down to posterity, and is familiar to every school boy, for her noble daring in preserving the life of Capt. Smith, the name of this heroic mother, who saved a life equally valuable and dear, has been lost, irretrievably lost. The part which

important of the murder, or the doings of council, Judge Dean having business to attend to in the vicinity, was the first white man to pass through the Oneida village. When the smoke curled over the council house, and the tribe again assembled in council, after a lengthy sitting, in which the judgment of Judge Dean to the Indians, and having been adopted by their tribe, had been daily considered, and after the council expressed their regret that he should have been so unfortunate as to bring himself under their law, it was resolved that their law must be respected and enforced. The bravest warriors, and long and brave friends of the Judge, were selected, together with the regular assistants, and was instructed to fulfil his duty. Soon after this last council, some of the Indians conveyed to Judge Dean the

Powlis took in the transaction, never caused any interruption of the friendship alluded to, for during the remainder of his life he paid the Judge an annual visit, enjoying without restraint his hospitality for three or four days at a time.

From the Lady's Book.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A NAME.

AN ANECDOTE FROM THE FRENCH.

"MINE" is a harder life than that of a cart-horse! always at work; rehearse by day and perform at night; sometimes a shepherd—at others a soldier; one moment a gold-laced lackey, and the next metamorphosed into a mysterious robber! I deliver letters and cups of poison; hear long speeches of big words, and reply in one or two monosyllables; bend my head beneath the bell-metal helmet, or my back under the active blows of some pit-fighter, with but little CHARACTER of my own, called on sometimes to assume three or four in a single evening. Such has been my fate for four long years! Why did I ever become struck with the profession?—why continue in it when it barely suffices to keep body and soul together?

Such were the exclamations vented to "the night's dull ear," by a poor wretch who had just sallied from the back door of the theatre, and was striding towards his miserable lodgings as fast as a head wind and pelting rain would permit. He stopped before a low hovel, in a retired alley, and brandishing a dead-latch key in the real tragic style, plunged it into its appropriate receptacle. Opening the door he went up STAIRS by means of a ROPE-LADDER, and having soon ensconced his head beneath the bed-clothes, lost sight of a SURVIVOR in brief dreams of impressive entrances—"A LA Hantel!"—bouncing exits of the STAMPTORIAN school—glittering beauties applauding in the dress-circle, and "an entire pit rising to greet him" with enthusiastic raptures.

On waking the next morning, he found upon the window-frame two papers, or as he termed them, with professional grandiloquence—DESPATCHES, which he had not noticed on the previous night, in consequence of the absence of those artificial resources so usefully applied in MAKING LIGHT of darkness. One of them, being unsealed, first claimed his attention; and, learning from its contents, that a levy had been made upon his furniture for the amount of his landlord's bill, he calmly threw it aside, (after the manner of Richard with the "weak invention of the enemy,") exclaiming, "they are welcome to the three-legged table, the creaking bed, and 'Old Medora,' which constitute all my furniture."

For the reader's satisfaction, it may be well to state, that by the highly euphonious appellation of "Old Medora," our hero meant an antiquated and thread-bare Grecian tunic, which after a quarter of a century's service upon the stage, had now become a window-curtain. "But this," continued the unhappy son of Melpomene, as he took up the other despatch, "is from Florine—sweet message of love from her I adore!" And, having carefully opened the two bright seals by which the envelope was secured, he read aloud the amatory epistle.

"My once dearly beloved Dugard—My father tells me as how it would be madness in me to marry a player without no fortune nor reputation, seeing I'm the daughter of an orchestra leader at the Royal Menagerie, and so he's determined that I must marry a gentleman what teaches the clarinet here in the village, but who's a going to town where he can git a heap of scholars. In your letter you say you have bright hopes I want to see them hopes come to a pint afore this month is out, for if they don't afore that, I must take the clarinet, though I don't love him half as much as you—but as pappy says, the kittle must bile. No more at present form your heart broken

FLORINE."

"Heart broken with a vengeance—to marry a broken-winded clarinet—if before the month is out I don't make a HIT, she will STRIKE—and here we are—the twenty-third. But love conquers all, as the poet says, and I'll improve the chance to-night." On that evening he was to perform the best character in his LINE, and the house being respectably filled, he made, as he thought, a sublime effort at achieving a reputation; but the audience not viewing the attempt in the same light as its perpetrator, he was compelled to make his exit amid the deafening roars of laughter, and whirlwinds of hisses; not, however, without observing that Florine, seated in the second tier of boxes, with a red-faced, check-swollen gentleman, had contributed as well as her "cavalier," to that sibilatory reception which had set a seal forever upon his hopes of future greatness.

Talma, then at the pinnacle of his fame, had effected engagements in the various theatres of the South of France; and his arrival had, since some time, been expected daily at Versailles. On the evening just referred to, the manager had received a letter from the famous tragedian, stating that a severe cold would necessarily delay his visit for a few days, and praying that the intelligence might be communicated to the Directors of the Aix theatre, the next in the dramatic circuit. A letter of the desired purport was quickly written, and the manager meeting Dugard at the wing as he left the stage, at once heartily cursed him for making a fool of himself, and ordered him to take the letter to the Aix coach-office.

The unfortunate histrionic aspirant received it without murmuring, for his dignity had been so effectually condensed by his evening's reception, and Florine's participation in it, that he dared not openly revolt; therefore, bowing his head, and dropping his left foot a few inches to the rear, SECUNDUM ARTEM, he received the imprecations and the letters, and withdrew upon his errand. When in the street, his NOBLE feelings, gaining their elasticity, gushed forth. "Since Florine's false, let the public hiss! who cares?—I'm sick of life!

"I'll go seek some damp and dismal cave, There, with these fingers, I'll dig my early grave; And when it's done, I'll lay me down and die, Since woman's constancy's—all in my eye."

"And, because I'm poor and hissed, and carry letters on the stage, must I be a message runner in reality? If I were such a man as Talma, I'd have managers obeying every wink and nod—and, now the thought strikes me, what's to prevent it? Nothing!"

The letter was quickly torn into a thousand pieces, and, returning to the scene of his misery, Dugard informed his employer that the message had been properly attended to, gave in his resignation, which was forthwith accepted; received the pittance of stipend due to him, and within an hour, was fast walking on the road to Aix. He reached the city about noon, and immediately presenting himself at the head quarters of the drama, addressed the presiding functionary:

"Well, my friend, I am here at last. You see, punctuality is the politeness of business, and I am over a week in advance."

"Pray, sir," replied the important curator for the dramatic taste at Aix, at the same time puffing himself up to an inordinate size—"whom have I the honor of addressing?"

"Do you not know Talma?"

"Talma! Allow me, sir, (at the same time squeezing himself into as small a compass as the most obsequious submission could produce,) to apologise ten thousand times for my obtuseness in not at once recognizing that star which has shone so brightly in the dramatic firmament—for not instantly!"

Here he was cut short by his visitor, who forthwith commenced recounting his "hair-breadth 'scapes," explained the shabbiness of his appearance to be consequent upon an attack of a band of highwaymen, recounted the details of the robbery, which had left him no money nor wardrobe, private or professional; wept as he related that his favorite Arab pair had been cut loose from his coach, and barbarously butchered before his eyes—and cursed the "lilly-livered servants" who had deserted him, one only of them having got his deserts in the loss of his life by a fall from his horse. Not wishing to be recognized as he entered the city, without his retinue, he had disguised himself with the clothes of the coward lackey. The manager could not find words sufficient to express his regret, and instantly tendered any sum in advance of the anticipated proceeds of the engagement. In less than an hour the whole town rang with the news of the arrival of the greatest tragedian of the age, and nothing was talked of within its precincts but the foul robbery which had left him minus a princely equipage, a magnificent wardrobe of 20,000 crowns in gold, and three times that amount in valuable jewels. Letters of condolence, and offers of assistance, poured in from all sides. Chevalier de P. furnished three valets for his service; several of the most wealthy citizens tendered their purses at his disposal. Count O. tendered all the magnificent dresses in which a tragedy had been privately "got up," (and by the by, MURDERED,) at his palace, a few weeks before; the notary and crown solicitor supplicated the honor of taking his deposition, that they might forthwith institute proceedings for the detection of the murderers.

Having decked himself in his "lavender robes," he acquainted the manager of his perfect readiness to perform on that very evening, in order to testify his gratitude for the hospitality shown him—"and," he kindly added, in conclusion, "you may select, if you please, a couple of tragedies for the occasion."

"Did I rightly understand, Monsieur Talma—a couple of tragedies? Would monseigneur perform ten acts in one evening?"

"Certainly—certainly! Have you not heard that, during my last engagement in Paris, so enthusiastic were the ENCORES that we actually performed Zaire six times over in one night?"

This proof of his physical powers was sufficient; and two tragedies were announced for that evening. At an early hour in the afternoon, the avenues leading to the theatre were crowded with persons of all ages and ranks.

"Now's the day and now's the hour," thought our hero, as he threw over his left shoulder the gorgeous purple tunic presented by Count O.

"This is the night, That either makes or undoes me quite."

The overture having been performed, and the curtain rung up, the first scenes passed off insensibly to the crowded rows of spectators—such was the constant rush into the building. The call-boy at length summoned "Orestes," for his "entree en scene," just as he was in the act of finishing a bottle of Marquis de S's choicest champagne; thanks to the united impulses of the performer's effrontery, the audience's prejudices, and the marquis' wine, the debut was a complete triumph. Several sprigs of nobility invited him to a sumptuous banquet, and the festival was protracted to a late hour. His shrewd and ingenious tales of his exploits, the kind and affable manner in which he recommended to all present to treat the lower orders of the profession, evinced his charitable disposition towards inferiors, and secured as warm admiration for his demeanour in private life as he had already obtained for his efforts on the stage. A few rubbers of whist followed the supper, and Lord A., Marquis B., Duke C., and Earl D., were "too happy," in losing a few thousand louis each, with "the Pride of France and Wonder of the age."

"After all," soliloquized Dugard, as he lay lounging upon a richly curtained bed of down, after the morning of his triumphant debut, "it's an easy affair to be a great man, if the people will only find it out. I always knew that tragedy was in me, and only wanted a chance to shine out. I used to find it difficult to earn a meagre subsistence, and now see those piles of offers"—pointing to

some dozens of perfumed letters, tokens of admiration, cards of invitation, &c.

The second evening's performance but increased the enthusiasm, and he was borne in triumph from the theatre to his hotel. The night was spent in the same manner as that which preceded it, and on the ensuing morning the pile of letters received a material increase. Among the "despatches" of this day, was one of a peculiar turn. It was from the widow of a lieutenant in the army, who had fallen in the Spanish campaign—leaving her in possession of valuable landed estates. Her admiration was of a more solid character than mere approbation of his professional efforts, as she offered her wealth and hand, provided he would promise to retire from the stage forever. An hour was fixed for a meeting at the cathedral, in order that matters might be fairly explained, VIVA VOCE.

At about noon a stranger arrived at the Prince Eugene Hotel at Aix, whose countenance was seen to exhibit a most unaccountable excitement on reading the placards announcing the "Sixth night of the engagement of Mr. Talma, the favorite tragedian in his Majesty, and the first living ARTISTE in the world, whose unparalleled talents have excited the wonder of all the learned and literary societies of Europe."

In answer to the stranger's application for a private parlour, he was informed by the landlord that none could be let; for the entire first and second floors were occupied by Mr. Talma; the third and fourth by the mayor of the city, and other influential friends of the illustrious tragedian. But if a chamberlaine would suffice upon the fifth floor, he might occupy the only one of these left disengaged. Yielding to stern necessity, the unknown traveller was ushered into a small apartment. During the afternoon he knocked respectfully at the chamber of Talma; and, obeying the summons to enter which his call elicited, he bowed deferentially, and with a thousand apologies hoped that the person who had secured for himself a crown of immortal glory, and had placed his country in an enviable rank among the nations of the earth, would condescend to give some instructions to a provincial actor, desirous of improving himself in his calling.

"You want my advice then, I suppose," was the reply, uttered in a tone and manner to be expected from an individual gruffly condescending to perform a disagreeable office. "Let me hear you rattle off something then," at the same time tipping the ashes from the end of one of Earl Faglis matchlets Havana. "Go on, I'm listening," and pouring out a glass of the Marquis de Bianquis' choicest Maderia, he put himself into an attitude of attention, his feet raised in the most dignified manner upon a level with his head.

The stranger commenced the famous address of Orestes—his listener laid his glass aside—his knees trembled—his agitation increased as the performer proceeded; till the eloquent appeal drew to a close, he fell upon his knees before him, exclaiming, "You ARE Talma! forgive me! forgive me!"

The stranger—Talma—the real Simon pure, raised his counterfeit imitator from his abject posture, and seemed highly pleased at the recital of the success which had crowned the adventurer's bold attempt. The name of the incognito was kept secret until the next morning; and the widow aforementioned having in the meanwhile become Mrs. Dugard, her husband renewed his solemn promise to quit the stage forever; and to his honor be it said, he not only MADE the vow, but KEPT it. On the seventh night of Talma's engagement, the genuine son of Melpomene appeared, and much as he pleased some who pretend to be judges, there were many spectators who found him inferior to the FIRST of his name. Among these we include of course the married widow, who, notwithstanding her condition, kept her box, so that she might point out to the RETIRED tragedian at her side, the points and readings—gestures and positions, wherein he excelled his far-famed prototype.

A LADY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The late Duchess of Gordon had so ardent a desire to hear Mr. Pitt speak in the House that she was induced to adopt the expedient of entering the gallery habited as a man. The Duchess had not, unfortunately, made a secret of her design, and scarcely was she comfortably seated, in expectation of the Minister's speech, when the sergeant-at-arms, appeared, and very politely whispered to her Grace that her sex was discovered, and that there existed a standing order of the House against the admission of ladies into the gallery. "Pray inform me, sir," inquired the Duchess "whether there exists any standing order for turning a female out who has come got in?"—a question that so effectually posed Mr. Coleman that he effected his retreat, leaving the adventurous lady in quiet enjoyment of her place.

ACCIDENT.—The Baltimore Chronicle, of the 6th inst., says "a melancholy accident occurred this morning on the Philadelphia Railroad about seven miles from this city. The burthen train of cars from Port Deposit, of the nine and a half o'clock morning train of passenger cars from the city came in contact, with terrific force, near Steamer's run, about seven miles from the city. One of the engineers and one of the conductors were killed instantly, the engines very much injured, and the cars thrown off the track, and much broken."

SUICIDE.—At New Orleans, on the morning of the 27th, a finely dressed girl, 16 or 17 years of age, threw herself from the steam ferry-boat Syracuse, and was drowned. Nobody knew her name or history. Her body, owing to the rapidity of the current, had not been found at 7 o'clock in the evening.—lb.

GREAT BRITAIN & MEXICO.—The National Intelligencer of the 29th says "The British Minister to Mexico, Mr. Pakenham, sailed from England on the 20th ult. in the Pique frigate, to touch at Halifax, and thence proceed to Mexico. It is stated that Mr. Pakenham is the bearer of instructions with reference to the disputes between France and Mexico, and that he is invested with the requisite powers to mediate between the two parties. The British Government had further instructed Sir Charles Paget to proceed with a naval force from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the coast of Mexico, to render any protection to British interests that circumstances might require. This force was seen on the 7th instant on the Gulf steaming for Vera Cruz."—[Louisville Journal.]

FATAL DUEL.—A duel was fought, yesterday afternoon, says the N. O. Sun, between a son of ex-Governor Marigny, and Mon. Greilhe, the lawyer. It terminated fatally to the latter gentleman. The nature of the difficulty between them is no doubt generally understood, from the correspondence which they had carried on in the columns of the Bee for some time before the occurrence of the fatal rencounter. Natchez Courier.

A CAPE.—A curious specimen of native ingenuity, and of the extravagance of despotism, is to be seen at the Missionary Rooms. It is a CAPE worn by a Sandwich Island chief, which, according to an estimate of Rev'd Mr. Richards, must have cost \$100,000. It is made of small feathers, of very bright and beautiful colors, only two of which grow under the wing of a particular bird. These are skillfully wrought upon a coarse net-work, so as to form stripes of several different colors. The manner of obtaining them is as follows:—An adhesive substance is placed upon the end of a long pole, and some bait a little distance below. This pole is held near the bird, upon the rocks and branches—it alights on the end of the pole and by the adhesive substance is caught, and drawn up and the feathers pulled out. Mr. Richards estimated that he could have obtained \$100,000, worth of provisions, with the labor that was expended on the cape. There are also two small tippets for the neck, made of the same materials. N. O. Evangelist.

LOCK-JAW.—The remedy, when you first discover the lock-jaw coming on, is to give the patient a composition of pepper and ginger stirred in half a pint of spirits and water; then have a rock or brick warmed and wrapped in a wet cloth, and apply it between the upper part of the shoulder and the back of the neck; then bathe the locks of the jaws with castor oil, made as warm as the hand can endure, and rub the jaws well until they become unlocked, which will be in a few minutes, if it has the effect I have known it to have. One of my negro men was attacked with the lock-jaw, and was helpless and senseless, and the above application was made and his jaws became loose in a few minutes, and he got well in a short time.

UP TO ANY THING.—A good anecdote is told of the Rev. J. L. Weems, the eloquent biographer of Washington. It is not only known that Mr. Weems wrote books, but that he peddled them also. In one of his excursions of this nature, he accidentally fell in with a pair of young people who were about to get married. Mr. Weems having made himself known, was immediately applied to, to perform the ceremony of uniting them in wedlock. After this important matter had been settled, the idea very naturally suggested itself to some of the company, that a dance would be very proper on the occasion. Mr. Weems had no objection; and the only difficulty appeared to be to render the proposal practicable, was that they had no FIDDLE. It was whispered if certain arrangements could be made. Accordingly, a curtain was suspended from the ceiling, extending from one side of the room to the other, and presently behind it was heard the thumping and tuning of a violin, and soon after the merry dance began. All things went gaily for awhile, but suddenly the curtain was torn loose, and lo! who should the company behold but the Rev. J. L. Weems, fiddling away as if for poor dear life itself, but really for the amusement of the dancers. It is certainly a happy faculty to be able to turn one's hand to any thing. Mr. Weems was one of the most eloquent preachers of his time—a first rate fiddler, and above all a good man. Baltimore Sun.

FROM TEXAS.—The New Orleans Sun of the 28th says "The schooner William Bryan, Capt. Henley, arrived from Velasco, yesterday, in 8 days. One of her passengers informs the Courier that the Indians were still concentrating near the headwaters of the Trinity, and that a requisition of 250 men of Gen. Baker's brigade, had been made by Gen. Rusk. This was deemed necessary as the savages continued hostile. As among the Cherokees, nothing but rumor existed. The corn crops had been abundant, consequently that article was comparatively cheap."

NEW YORK OFFICIAL.—Official returns of the New York election are published in the Albany Argus. The majority of Sedgwick over Marcy for Governor is 10,322, and that of Bradish over Tracy for lieutenant Governor 9,980.—[Low Jour.]

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—The village of Orangeburg, generally known as Williamsburg, in Mason county, was almost destroyed by fire on Thursday night the 30th ult. Two or three tenements were left standing. The probable loss is about \$10,000.—lb.